

teacher should not be open to suspicion. The investigation undertaken by Miss DODGE and Mrs. AONZEW was therefore justifiable; but perhaps a woman is apt to be more suspicious and more liable to deception in such affairs than men, and it is now certain that Miss DODGE was imposed upon, while her desire to do right may not be questioned. Miss MASON's final and complete justification is gratifying, because it is always satisfactory to find anonymous assassins of character baffled, and because had the charges been found to have the slightest truth in them the life of a young, refined and interesting woman would have been ruined. Let us hope there will be no further attempts to make this affair the means of introducing discord into the School Board. Every right-minded man and woman ought to feel rejoiced at the result.

PROPERTY IN LETTERS.

An actress of some notoriety, if not of great prominence, is involved in trouble about an unsettled board bill. She owes her landlady \$60, it is claimed, and the landlady has recovered a judgment for the amount. This is a purely private matter, with which no one save the debtor and the creditor have anything to do.

But the affair has been made public through being dragged into the police courts. It appears that the landlady retains in her possession a number of letters belonging to the actress, and has threatened to use them to enforce the payment of her claim. The debtor's business manager went to the office of the landlady's son, where the letters were locked up for safe-keeping, obtained possession of them on the pretense that he was prepared to pay the bill, and then carried them off. He was arrested yesterday on a charge of larceny, and paroled by the Justice on his own promise to appear when wanted.

Who do these letters belong to? What right had the creditor to seize and retain them? These are questions of interest to the public. It does not seem that the landlady can have any claim to the letters, and her use of them to damage the actress in any manner would be an offense under the law. It would seem that the debtor could at any time have compelled the surrender of the letters by legal process, and that there was no occasion to resort to a trick to obtain possession of them.

The fisheries question that interests President CLEVELAND just now is not the one before the Senate. So long as he catches plenty of bass in the James River, he does not care what he catches in the Senate.

The new Aqueduct Commission is taking the right course in withholding payments from the contractors until it can be seen just how they stand in their liabilities to the city for deficient work, unwarranted payments and the like.

GOOD THINGS IN THE MARKETS.

Butterfat, 10 cents.
Blackfish, 10 cents.
Cabbage, 10 cents.
Egg plant, 10 cents.
Coke, 15 cents.
Green turtle, 15 cents.
Celery, 15 cents a bunch.
Nectarines, 30 cents a dozen.
Pears, 30 to 40 cents a dozen.
Grapes, 10 to 15 cents a pound.
Bananas, 10 to 15 cents a dozen.
Lime beans, 25 cents a half peck.
Corn, 15 cents a dozen; best, 25 cents.
String beans, 15 cents a small measure.
Pears, 40 to 60 cents a dozen; \$1.50 a basket.
Peaches, 30 to 50 cents a dozen; 75 cents a basket.

COLORED CLEVELAND LEAGUE.

Look out for them. They are going to parade. And they will be in full uniform.

Hurray for the Colored Cleveland League! They number 150, and they are all colored Democrats who reside in the Eleventh Assembly District.

They have become Democrats through principle. They deny that a black man is a Republican trade-mark.

But just wait till they turn out. Their uniform consists of a blue shirt, white pants with blue stripes, "C. L." worked in the centre, and white helmets.

Won't they be dandies on parade! Six foot six drum major. Phew!

Brass band and drum corps. What do you say? Fall in, colored Democrats! Didn't President Cleveland honor your race by nominating James C. Matthews to an important office?

Hurray for the Colored Cleveland League. Their headquarters are at 333 Seventh avenue, where they are drilling every night.

They are being drilled by a graduate of West Point.

They expect to parade early next month. Make room for them, bottal cars and all.

They intend challenging the Michael C. Murphy Legion to a competitive drill.

Will the Murphys accept the challenge? Bonquet for the Colored Cleveland League when they parade and a review by Mayor Hewitt.

WORLDLINGS.

The most expert stenographer in the country is said to be Mrs. BARROW, wife of the editor of the Christian Register. She is able to "take" Carl Schurz's speeches without difficulty.

The carrier on the mail route between Viroqua, and Prairie du Chien, Wis., made his last run last week and the route has been discontinued. In the early days of Wisconsin Gov. Russ used to drive a stage on this route.

At a reception given by Mrs. Marshall Field, of Chicago, the diamonds worn by three ladies present represented a value of \$250,000. Mrs. Field herself has one of the finest collections of jewels and precious stones in the West.

The little son of C. K. Hunnberger, of Lyons, Neb., has a life frog in his stomach, and all efforts to expel it have been unsuccessful. The boy was holding the frog in his hand before he opened mouth, when the frog quickly leaped down his throat.

Di-march's sleeping room in his country seat at Friederichsruhe is very simply furnished. The bed and chairs are of pine and entirely unadorned, and there is nothing about them beyond their unusual size to distinguish them from the beds and chairs found in the homes of the humblest German peasant.

Will There Be Aid for Harris?

Having interested himself in the reformed English pickpocket, Samuel Harris, to the extent of providing him passage on the German Monarch, to sail on Saturday, Liverpool Times is now announced as being ready to receive from charitable associations anything which may wish to contribute to relieve Harris's pecuniary condition.

CONVULSIONS during teaching are impossible when MORRIS'S FINGERING CONSOLE is used. 25 cents.

PENNY JOURNALISM.

Itemized Comparison of Yesterday's Evening Newspapers.

Impartial Testimony of Carefully Compiled Figures.

Yesterday's "Evening World" Had More Than Twice as Much Cable News and Twenty-six Per Cent. More Telegraph News Than the "Daily News" and "Evening Sun" Combined—It Likewise Contained Over Twice as Much Local News as the "Evening Sun" and Nearly Three Columns More Than the "News"—The "Evening World" Also Printed Exclusively the Three Best Pieces of News—An Interesting Exhibit of Facts and Figures.

Herewith is given a careful analysis of the contents of yesterday's last editions of the three one-cent metropolitan evening papers. The Sporting Extras of THE EVENING WORLD and Evening Sun are omitted from the comparison, as to include them would not be fair to the News, which issues no sporting edition.

An effort has been made to conduct the examination upon an impartial basis. As the length of the column differs in the three papers, THE EVENING WORLD column has been taken as the standard length. This enables the Evening Sun to make a somewhat better showing than it otherwise would, as its columns are slightly longer than those of THE EVENING WORLD. The News's columns however, are the shortest.

A FAIR COMPARISON.

The same rule of classification has been adopted with each paper. The line between "news" and "special," or "sketchy matter," which would be as timely one day as another, has been drawn as carefully as possible.

The results are very interesting, as indicating the progress and status of penny journalism in this city. That THE EVENING WORLD, though less than a year old, should show a strong lead in all departments is simply the story of impartial figures, and results from no "monkeying" with the facts.

If our contemporaries take any exceptions to this exhibit, we should be delighted to have them make the comparison themselves.

HOW THE TOTALS LOOK.

The total amount of reading matter of all kinds given in the News yesterday was 14,555 columns; THE EVENING WORLD, 24,455 columns; THE EVENING SUN, 20,000 columns; and THE EVENING WORLD, 18,000 columns. The News published 1,455 columns of telegraphic news; THE EVENING WORLD, 3,355 columns; THE EVENING SUN, 3,255 columns. The News printed 9,400 columns of local news; THE EVENING WORLD, 5,500 columns; THE EVENING SUN, 12,200 columns.

FEATURES OF THE PENNY PAPERS.

The Evening Sun published no dramatic news; the News contained less than a half column; THE EVENING WORLD just a column. As to sporting news, the Evening Sun contained slightly over a half column; the News a little over one column; THE EVENING WORLD, slightly over two columns. As to labor news, there was none in the Evening Sun; .55 column in the News and .70 column in THE EVENING WORLD. The Evening Sun published nearly twice as much humor as either of its contemporaries. It printed a little more politics than the News, but not exceeding the News's. A much larger amount of financial matter, quotations and market reports, however, was published by the Evening Sun. THE EVENING WORLD was the only one of the three having illustrated columns. It contained eight cuts, amounting to over a column in space. The tables below give further details of the comparison.

THE RECORD OF EXCLUSIVES.

But of much more importance than quantity is quality and exclusiveness of report. In this respect particularly does THE EVENING WORLD make a good showing. It contained the first account ever published in any paper, morning or evening, of Mr. BLAINE's remarkable article entitled "The President's Error" and devoted to a caustic attack on Mr. CLEVELAND, to appear in full in the American Magazine.

This was by far the best piece of news THE EVENING WORLD has ever printed, and exclusively the special cable about the latest plot to assassinate the Czar and the arrest of the conspirators, an exclusive account of the sailing of Steyer, the Belgian murderer, and the News printed a story of the troubles among the Italian laborers at Mount Vernon. The latter was in THE EVENING WORLD, and was widely read by lack of room to print anything else.

AS TO SPECIALITIES.

In the line of special features THE EVENING WORLD printed its Joke Contest. THE EVENING SUN's Physician's official report, the Giants' Base Testimonial, a batch of bright child talk, etc. The News contained no feature of this class, unless a brief tariff department might so be considered. THE EVENING WORLD presented what in called photographs of Daily Life at the Massachusetts State House.

The following tables give an accurate idea of the contents of these three papers:

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THE JOKE CONTEST.

Some Further Samples of the Wittyisms Submitted.

She Got There.

She—I think ice-cream is the only thing that will cool a person such a night as this. He—It would be the best if it didn't create a disease.

Other than disease does it create? He (smiling)—Small-pox, so the doctors say.

She (archly)—Oh, I've had the small-pox! FREDY FITZGERALD. 243 South Second street, Brooklyn.

Quite Darwinian.

What should a man say of himself after being measured by a tailor? Answer—I am "the survival of the fittest." FOMPER.

Like a Girl-Boy.

The following actually happened to me. One morning about four years ago, feeling rather hungry, I sat at a fellow-workman's table to the conclusion that we had better get something to eat. Our capital being limited, it was necessary to go to a cheap restaurant on Seventh avenue. On looking over the bill of fare, we found that we could get for 10 cents a plate of hash, with a cup of coffee thrown in. This we both ordered. In due time we got the hash and coffee. We sat there in putting it away, but very near the last of the hash my teeth encountered a very hard substance. Taking it out of my mouth, I found it was a watch-key. I at once became, and was about to call the waiter to ask him what kind of stuff he was serving, when my partner said to me: "Shut up, you fool! You may find the watch."

A Good Place to Take Them.

Fond Daughter (loquiter)—Oh, papa, Sig. Blombarde says I am making wonderful progress in my singing lessons and that I should like to take some part soon.

Indulgent Paternal Parent (with interest)—Ah, indeed? Do you really think you can take them, my, yes, yes, yes; certainly.

I. P. P.—Thank heaven for that. Take them as soon as you are able—take them far away, out into the wild woods, where there is naught else but yourself and solitude.

A Cheerful Invitation.

I received an invitation the other day to this effect: "You are respectfully invited to attend the twenty-fourth annual picnic of the Baboon-Faced Kadets. There will be a slugging match every two minutes, and if there is not excitement enough you will be shot on sight. Meet me corner of Nowhere and Neverwhere streets, between the hours of half-past Brooklyn and one-quarter to Hoboken." LOUIS B.

A Very Familiar Station.

Conductor (who is conducting fares, shakes him roughly)—Hallo, there!

Sleepy Passenger—Where am I?

Conductor—At Payoufairs.

J. S. ALDERIDGE. 11 Pine street, Aug. 28.

A Little Family History.

My father landed at Castle Garden in 1868. The first thing he saw was a sprinkling cart. Not knowing what it was, he ran five blocks after it and told the driver his cart was leaking.

258 East Broadway.

The Black List.

Mr. J. G. Smith, 187 Madison lane, is placed in a position on the black list for endeavoring to win the prize with a chestnut that is gray, bald and blind with old age.

There are a number of other competitors who belong on the black list, but we get there if they continue to disregard the rule of the contest.

The Joke Contest.

[From the Committee's (O. Transcript).]

THE EVENING WORLD, 31 and 32 Park New York City, has in progress a joke contest, which is exciting much interest.

The contest is open to all who are likely to be being, as its name implies, a journal of extended circulation. Every man, woman and child in America is welcome to submit one or more original jokes, in jest not exceeding 200 words and without limit as to brevity.

Mr. Bill Nye, of THE WORLD establishment, has consented to act as judge and will award a prize of \$25 cash for the joke that strikes him as the best.

HOTEL FLIP-FLOP.

The corridors of the Gilesey and Fifth Avenue are in the hands of decorators.

P. T. Wall is just running things at Saybrook Point, Conn. His latest is a full-dress reception at Fenwick Hall.

The hotel clerks uptown are anxious for a game of base-ball with the reporters. So says Cashier Fitzsimmons, of the St. James.

Capt. Moorehead, the detective at the St. James Hotel, is away with Judge Foster, of Pennsylvania, on his yacht in the waters around Black Rock, Conn. His vacation has expired, but not having harpooned a swordfish yet, he has Capt. Connor's orders to "stay until you do."

MAGORANE COKE MARRIED.

The Assistant District-Attorney Weds Miss Crawford Quietly at Westfield.

Assistant United States District-Attorney Magorane Cox has surprised his friends by becoming a benedict.

Mr. Cox slipped off to Southfield, Orange County, a few days ago, ostensibly to spend an ordinary vacation. On Thursday he was quietly married there to Miss Lena Crawford, daughter of the late David Crawford of this city, and granddaughter of the late Peter Townsend, of Southfield.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Thomas B. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Cox will spend part of their honeymoon in Orange County.

Seen in Hotel Corridors.

At the American Hotel, C. E. Sullivan, Jr., of Savannah, and H. M. Allen, of Cincinnati.

R. E. Potter, of England; F. S. Huell, of Buffalo, and S. B. Raper, of St. Louis, are at the Gilesey.

Dr. H. Collier, of Baltimore; B. Wilkins, of Washington, and D. B. Robinson, of Colorado, are at the St. James.

At the Brunswick are J. A. Robinson, of St. Louis; B. Dana, of Boston, and F. C. Rockwell, of Hartford, Conn.